

THEY BOW TO STYLE

Varied Fancies of Women About Dress and Fashion.

STRUGGLE FOR ORIGINALITY

Can You Please Gowning for Women—Style and Style—“A la Mode” a Passport to Favor.

The kaleidoscope of fashion is a simple well worn because it fits. The style is ever turned and turned, and colors and designs ever shift and change, gleam and grow dull, sparkle and darken before the observer's eye.

There are styles and sub-styles, little would be style the latter, which “die a-borning,” because of their popularity, or because of their lack of it. It makes little difference. You have seen a football player who gets away from a fringe of players with the ball hugged under his arm and tears away down the field only to be promptly pounced upon by half a dozen black-headed young ruffians and ground in the mud.

That is the fate of a sub-style of style, which is popular. Mrs. This appears to-day in something “original.” The instant is marvelous. A hundred thousands Mrs. That, who seem to have nothing under heaven to do but join in the endless, hopeless chase for smartness, pounce upon it like ravening wolves and in three weeks the poor style's originality is gone, borne down by more weight of numbers, and it can no further fare. The number of women who have the mind and the means to join in this mad scramble to ride as close to the hounds as possible is one of the standing surprises of the metropolis. Ten years I have watched the struggle and it seems as strange to me now as ever. I have noticed, too, that if an original costume happens out to hit the taste of the pack it may remain original, and not become even a style, which is fortunate for the introducer, and no one of all the following pack can ever tell, at the first, the false scent from the true. This is why the chase is so hopeless. It is why the wise woman who wishes to be well dressed without entire absorption in the task never tries to push any fashion to its extreme, but studies moderation and wears in blessed indifference whatever pleases her, so that it be within the limits of what is “reasonable,” and the limits grow every year more generous.



A PICTURE HAT.

Can I illustrate this catholicity of styles better than by a little record of observation at a very large and swell afternoon affair, designated for other purpose but turned by the mastery of woman into a dress parade? First, of course, though it may be neither “first” nor “of course” next morning—were salmagundi sketches, or studies in black and white. Most common of all were those gowns whose distinguishing feature is the employment of parallel rows of narrow white, braid about the shoulder cape. Far better worth while is it to combine black with white in some more striking fashion than this. The day is at hand when these barber pole arrangements will be as common looking as they now are smart and poor womanhood will don them with bitterness of heart.

There was a wrap and gown of gray, simple, big buttoned, big sleeved, rather wide skirted, worn by a girl known to fame chiefly by her enormous dog, for she's so beastly herself. One striking but violent costume was all in black save little strips or slashes of vivid yellow running from the high collar down to the shoulder seam, on the sides to the knee in front and rear. At a little distance these funny lines of color looked like the spokes of a wheel. The wearer was certainly unique.

There was a little girl who reminded me of apple blossom time because her gown and cloak were of the glossy rich green of the upper side of the apple leaf, and because there was a touch of the blossom's pink in her cheeks as well as in the little dash of color at her throat. And when I remarked upon her beauty her plainspoken mamma's only comment was: “She never catches on and doesn't know what pink is,” which is worth pondering by apple blossom girls, big and little.

Then there was a gown of dark green skirt, with a wide plait of rough, heavy cloth down the side like a mane, through which, and a tawny bodice with a touch of the green again.

There was one large fair woman, whose hair was a mass of brown, and whose plump cheeks were red, and whose hat was red and brown, and her gown the same—a dark red and a brown, not very red, so that the contrast was not striking, and at a little distance she looked almost like a monochrome in reddish drab, which is just the same as saying that she looked like a picture, don't you see?

There was a bottle of purple velvet

and dark fur, beneath which a skirt of dark green fell down to the trimmings to a little edge of gray fur about the bottom, just where it must be somewhat soiled.

There was the inevitable combination of pale pink with very pale green, the inevitable combination of two shades of green, with roses worn, and two shades of brown, with white daisy asters. There were the black and whites, the others were fairly individual.

But most individual of all was one young creature divinely tall, who is “standing with reluctant feet” on the outer verge of childhood, and who wore a brilliant red fox with black tassels and a red wrap with black skirt, so that she seemed like some strange tropical bird of plumage sitting among the greens and browns.

There were two scarce older who wore spade-shaped jackets, the one of green, the other of brown, bodices made of transverse bars of pink and white muslin, which had a somewhat saucy look. But everything passes under nowadays, for a week or so.

The newest hat is flat felt, much like other hats, save that there is a deep clef directly in front extending quite across the brim. Let the brim be ever so little curled away from this clef and the effect is martial and grandeurish. It is best adapted for colors mainly dark.

The words “a la mode” are a passport to favor and interest nowadays. Querer isn't it, this wave of sentiment from Paris, where it has a reason, in the recent naval celebration, affecting so powerfully New York, where it has none? Yet I should not say “none,” for were not the Russian grand duke and officers social pets of the summer season here? And as to the Russian trotters at the horse show last week—why, Oussan, the sixteen-year-old Orloff stallion, had more petting from fair hands and more surreptitious lumps of sugar than any other equine notable present. Maybe Respodaberry, another Russian, was as attractive, but the girls fought shy of a name that wasn't so easy to remember.

Perhaps the fur trimmings make women feel more like Russian beauties. This is merely a suggestion. In fashion matters to one needs to know the reason for anything, which is a blessed relief, no doubt; at any rate, fur upon bodices and skirts as well as wraps, fur with velvet and fur with satin, is a style, not a style.

Russian enough in effect are the fur cloaks of the mode, suggesting Siberian cold by their luxurious warmth. Fit for Manitoba and the Saskatchewan wastes is the rich full-length wrap of velvet, fur-lined throughout, garnished at waist with jet or embroidery or steel or other metal, or anything under the sun, at the neck and wrists

was gone, “casser it would cost so much, but I kinder quited her down by proposing her that I would bring her a new knicker dress from one of the big dry goods stores in Chickering.”

Suddenly there flashed upon the vision of the newswoman 10,000 blinding lights. The great feast was bordered with a fringe of living fire; the noble buildings were aflame; the majestic dome of the Administration palace was outlined against the black drapery of night in gloriously glowing columns of golden glory; from the four corners of the Manufacture building shot the rays of the blinding searchlights, cutting out pathways of shimmering silver far over the lake; then, to cap the climax, the electric fountains began sending high in air their resplendent columns of rainbow tints that broke into luminous spray and fell in spangled splendor upon the burnished boom of the basin.

“What do you think of it? What do you think of it, Bill?”

Bill did not hear a word. He was in paradise. His senses were ravished with ecstasy.

“Bill! Bill! what do you think of it?”

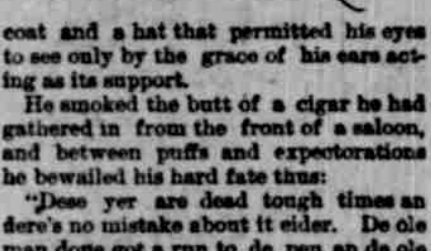
But his eyes like two stars started from their spheres. Finally he came back to earth long enough to ejaculate, “I'll be darned if I believe it!”—Boston Herald.

TOUGH TIMES.

The Woe of a Small Boy as Related by Himself.

The corner lamp post at West Madison and Carpenter streets almost hid him from view. He was a mite of a thing, but tured to life's hardships—at least one would judge so from his soliloquy.

He wore a pair of some one else's cast off trousers, likewise a “hand-me-down”



coat and a hat that permitted his eyes to see only by the grace of his ears acting as its support.

He smoked the butt of a cigar he had gathered in from the front of a saloon, and between puffs and expectorations he bewailed his hard fate thus:

“Dese yer are dead tough times an dere's no mistake about it eider. De ole man done got a run to de pen an de ole lady is tempranced. Dag stiles me beer racket at home.

“Den dere's me chum, Jerry, he's packed his freight for Kalamazoo, and Jimmy, he's gone to Paris, me little sister's skipped de gutter (too good for dis world, anyway), de ole cat's dead, an some sneaker done stole me dog. What's de use in livin, anyway?

“Den dey had to go an change de coppers on our boat, an dat new cop gave me a camp in de pants last night dat loosened de front buttons of my galluses. Dere's no livin around where dere's no copper. Den Ella Sweeney, my solid girl, done got thick wid dat dude, Mike Casey, and shuck me dead cold. Dat's bad. I to't a heap of dat girl.

“Yes, t'ings are gettin dead tough around yere. But what makes me feel de worse ain't any of dese t'ings. No, dat is all bad enough, but when I sneaked in de house las' night an de ole woman caught me an made me get into a tub of water an wash meelf, dat broke me heart. I want to die now. Jes' tink of it! I was called ‘dude’ three times comin' in yere blocks. I can't stand dat. I tink I'll have to de road.”

And lighting a fresh butt from de one he had been smoking he pulled his hat down over his eyes and stole off up an alley.—Chicago Tribune.

SMOOTHING HER DOWN.

Showing How Soft Soap Can Be Used to Advantage.

A woman boarded a Grand River avenue car at Washington avenue the other day who was hopping mad. The conductor recognized the fact and did not reach his paw down and rest it on her shoulder in that benign and fatherly way he had affected all summer. In fact he would have dodged her altogether, but she stood in the door and surveyed him from head to foot and demanded:

“Conductor, I want the number of the car which passed up ahead of you!”

“Yes'm—very sorry, ma'am, but I don't exactly recollect whether it was 8,256 or 18,652,” he humbly replied.

“But you know the driver?”

“Can't say I do, ma'am. Can't say I know any driver but my own, and he isn't worth cultivating. Anything wrong, ma'am?”

“Of course there is! I stood right on the corner and held up my hand, and he never noticed me.”

“On the upper corner?”

“Certainly!”

“And you held up your hand?”

“Yes, sir!”

“And waved it?”

“Of course I waved it!”

“Very singular, ma'am. Please let me see your hand!”

“There it is!” she snapped as she held out a hand which a No. 7 glove would have been a tight fit for.

“Ah, ma'am, the mystery is solved!” smiled the conductor as the color returned to his face. “It's no wonder he didn't see a dainty little hand like that. Why, if you'd held up both hands and one foot he'd have winked and blinked and hesitated to stop. I thought it was funny. You ought to carry an umbrella or a palm-leaf fan—indeed you had—unless you want a police whistle with a silver chain to it, like some carry. Go right in and sit down, ma'am. If I hadn't been looking right at you, I should never have supposed you wanted my car.”

She hesitated, smiled, gave her head a toss and went in and sat down. She did even more. She looked out of the window and smiled at the conductor in a way that made him stand on his toes and whisper to himself:

“Ah, no say, but cold weather makes no difference with soft soap—in our line!”—Detroit Free Press.

A Cheap Chrysanthemum.

Will—When on earth did you get that chrysanthemum? That's a lotta—largest I ever saw. It seems to me you've got

ing pretty ex—vague these hard times. No party would think of selling a flower like that for less than \$1.

George—One dollar? Why, this one didn't cost me 7 cents. Get a fresh one every day if I wish.

Will—How's that?

George—I go into the kitchen at the boarding house, take a handful of cold slaw, tie it together with a piece of thread, and there you are.—Exchange.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Tenement Children Love Flowers.

A little nineteenth century Bismarck Wood marched to Dunsinane on Wednesday afternoon by way of Second avenue and the streets around Struyven square. A jolly crowd of children wrought the miracle, not a band of armed soldiers.

The big flower beds were being dismantled, and the small people who have admired them all summer now stood



around awaiting their chance to secure a blossom. Bright geraniums, elephant's ears and canna were the principal flowers.

The roots of the former were to be sent up to the greenhouse in Central park and stored for next season, but the blossoms and leaves are today in half a hundred tenement house homes.

Few of the children who enjoy this park have nurses. Most of the rickety wagons are pushed by little mothers who have to strain up to reach the handle, and the baby inside seems far more robust. They piled up the wagons, these little creatures, with bright colors and green leaves, almost burying baby in the unfamiliar beauty, and made for home with a haste and disregard of the unsteady wheels of these chariots that would fill an uptown mother with horror.

Some of the children dressed their hats with broken leaves, but not one of them mutilated a plant.—New York Herald.

My Loving Little Neighbor.

I have a little neighbor.

A red checked boy of five.

With curls of gold about his head

And every limb alive.

He has a darling sister.

A girl of years twice mine.

Upon whose hectic cheeks there lurk

The marks of swift decline.

I saw my little neighbor

Just ere the summer's close

Come down his garden walk

With lightly tripping toes.

He smiled me at my window

And in a gentle voice

Called me to sit beside him

As he sat in his task.

For he was all alone.

Within his tiny fingers

Were skeins of silver thread,

Tangled and twisted in his haste.

And thus my neighbor said:

“Oh, please bend down the branches.

I am so short you know.

Fast as I touch their little tips

Out of my reach they go.

“If you will hold the branches

For me a little bit,

Then I can tie these threads around

Each leaf and fasten it.”

“But why, my little neighbor,

Must you leave the fast?”

“Dear Annie, dear Annie,

His eyes were down ward cast.

“Because,” he said, “they're saying

That when the leaves shall fall

My sister dear—my Constantine—

Must go and leave us all.

“I want to tie the leaves on

So tight and firm that so

They cannot fall, and then perhaps

She will not have to go.”

—Otto K. Kresse in St. Louis Republic.

“Green Gravel, Green Gravel.”

One of the most popular games of the mill children of Connecticut and Rhode Island is “Green Gravel.” It is played in an unimpressive, thesiger revolving as they chant, and one child facing outward with the end of each stanza, where she is called by name. The revolving continues to the monotonous words until everybody faces away from the center and then concludes. The words to which the children play are these:

Green gravel, green gravel,
How green the grass grows
And all the Freshmans
Are shame to betwix.

Dear Annie, dear Annie,
Your true love is dead.
He sends you a message
To turn back your head.

—New York Herald.

Dolls at the Fair.

A pleasing feature of the great World's fair at Chicago was the department of toys. Here the children who visited the grounds were in their glory. The specimen dolls from nearly every country in the world were especially interesting to the little girls, and many of the “grown up folks” found pleasure here in recalling their days of happy childhood.



There were Russian dolls, German dolls, Japanese dolls and the dolls of Indian children—in fact, as said above, there were dolls from everywhere. But of course those from France were the children's favorites because they were so pretty, so nicely dressed and could do so many things “just like some enough babies.” The above picture represents a pair of the little French beauties.

With a Thousand Thanks.

Every child born into a family is thought to be worth a thousand dol-

lars to the parents. Why then should they not be cared for from infancy to maturity? Keep the mouth and teeth right by SOZOLONY, and you start them right.

5,228,975.

These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March, '91, to March, '92. Two million, two hundred and twenty eight thousand, six hundred and seventy two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for coughs, colds, etc. Price 50c and \$1. At Peck Bros. druggists.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy try Electric Bitters. It “Le Gripe” has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding these organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles 50c, at Peck Bros. Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Peck Bros. druggists, corner Monroe and Division streets.

A New Certain Cure for Piles.

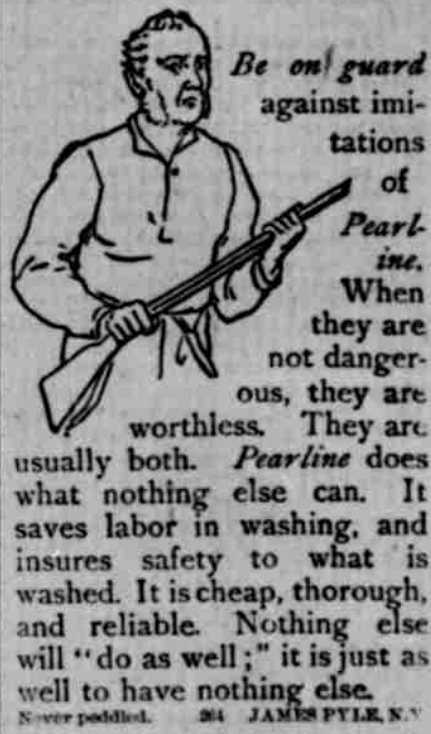
We do not intend to indorse any except articles of genuine merit; we therefore take pleasure in recommending to sufferers from Piles in any form, a prompt and permanent cure. The following letters speak for themselves:

Mrs. Mary C. Tyler, of Heppner, Ore., writes: One pkg. of Pyramid Pile Cure entirely cured me of piles from which I have suffered for years, and I have never had the slightest return of the same.

Mr. E. O'Brien, Rock Bluffs, Neb., says: The pkg. of Pyramid Pile Cure entirely removed every trace of itching piles. I cannot thank you enough for it. The Pyramid Pile Cure is a new, certain, painless cure for every form of piles. It is safe, rapid and cheap. Any druggist will get it for you if you ask him.

Map of the United States.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and ready for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. F. Enst, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. & N. O. R. R., Chicago, Ill.



Ask Your Grocer for It.



It is an agreeable Laxative for the Bowels; can be made into a Tea for use in one minute. Price 25c. Box, and \$1.00 per package. An Excellent Family Remedy for the Teeth and Breath.

NO NO

MEN OF ALL AGES

may be cured. Wetness of the feet, colds of the feet, and all other ailments of the feet, may be cured by the use of the “Perfect Man” shoe. The shoe is made of the finest material, and is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Price 25c. per pair. For sale by Peck Bros. Drug Store.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

PHARO'S CURE

For the cure of all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other ailments of the skin. Price 25c. per bottle. For sale by Peck Bros. Drug Store.

A Powerful Flesh Maker.

A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service—but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more.

Scott's Emulsion stands alone in the field of fat-foods. It is easy of assimilation because partly digested before taken. Scott's Emulsion checks Consumption and all other wasting diseases.

Prepared by J. H. Scott, Chemist, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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TIME CARDS.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA RAILROAD.

Nov. 22, 1903.

| From | To | Time |
|---|------------|------------|
| For Mackinac, Traverse City and Saginaw | 7:30 a.m. | 8:00 a.m. |
| For Port Huron and Detroit | 8:30 a.m. | 9:00 a.m. |
| For Chicago and St. Paul | 10:30 a.m. | 11:00 a.m. |
| For Milwaukee and St. Louis | 1:30 p.m. | 2:00 p.m. |
| For St. Paul and Chicago | 3:30 p.m. | 4:00 p.m. |
| For Chicago and St. Paul | 5:30 p.m. | 6:00 p.m. |
| For Milwaukee and St. Louis | 7:30 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. |
| For Port Huron and Detroit | 9:30 p.m. | 10:00 p.m. |
| For Mackinac, Traverse City and Saginaw | 11:30 p.m. | 12:00 a.m. |

Trains leave from the north at 7:30 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. daily. Other trains only on week days.

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| For Chicago and St. Paul | 1:30 p.m. | 2:00 p.m. |
| For Milwaukee and St. Louis | 3:30 p.m. | 4:00 p.m. |
| For Port Huron and Detroit | 5:30 p.m. | 6:00 p.m. |
| For Chicago and St. Paul | 7:30 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. |
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| For Port Huron and Detroit | 5:30 p.m. | 6:00 p.m. |
| For Chicago and St. Paul | 7:30 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. |
| For Milwaukee and St. Louis | 9:30 p.m. | 10:00 p.m. |
| For Port Huron and Detroit | 11:30 p.m. | 12:00 a.m. |

Trains leave from the north at 7:30 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. daily. Other trains only on week days.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA RAILROAD.

Nov. 22, 1903.

| From | To | Time |
|-----------------------------|------------|------------|
| For Chicago and St. Paul | 7:30 a.m. | 8:00 a.m. |
| For Milwaukee and St. Louis | 9:30 a.m. | 10:00 a.m. |
| For Port Huron and Detroit | 11:30 a.m. | 12:00 p.m. |
| For Chicago and St. Paul | 1:30 p.m. | 2:00 p.m. |
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